

The Times' Daily Short Story.

Our Summer Outing.

(Original.)

I dread the coming round of the vacation season. All the world takes its vacation in July and August, and to secure rooms one must set about it when the beautiful snow is waiting. Then you must fix your thoughts on forest or field, mountain or ocean, when you would prefer to stay at home and snuggle up to the fire. If you don't act then, when the thermometer stands at 97 degrees in the shade you must stay at home and roast.

Molly loves the mountains, I the ocean. The consequence was that this year when we sat down together to fix on a summer resort we disagreed. I am sorry to admit that we quarreled. The end of it all was that Molly said that since I was so unreasonable I could go where I liked; she was going to the mountains. And so she did. I went to the seashore.

I reached my place of rest when a cold northeaster was blowing. The guests in the house where I stopped were huddled together in the sitting room, grumbling at the proprietor for not giving them a fire. I strolled out on to the beach and stood looking on the dreary waste of flying clouds and rolling waters. The only happy thing in sight was a sea gull sailing between both. I went back to the hotel, sat down in my overcoat and smoked—smoked all day, smoked till my nerves were in the condition of the tumbling waters. That night I didn't sleep for two reasons—immoderate smoking and the cold. I slept under a sheet and a light blanket. I couldn't get any more. There was another reason for my insomnia—I was alone.

Some without Molly, but I would never have admitted it to her. Besides, I pined for the dry mountain air.

The second day was like the first, at least till noon, when I boarded a train and started to join Molly in the mountains. I spent the afternoon trying to think of a reason, not a truthful one, to give her for doing so. I reached her habitation at 10 o'clock at night, alas, to learn that she had gone away from it that morning.

"You see," said the landlady, "we've been having beautiful weather here, and your wife got to thinking of the bright sun shining on the sands and the waves, and she said she couldn't stand it here. She must go to you."

Well, there was nothing to do but go to bed and take the train back the next day. But in the morning the sun rose bright and beautiful, gliding the peaks and leaving the valleys in contrasting shadows. The air was crisp and bracing. After all, Molly was right. My obstinacy was melted by the sunshine. I sent her the following telegram:

Am here. You were right. Come back. About 11 o'clock I received one:

Am here. Will wait for you to come back.

"I wonder," I remarked sotto voce, "if that infernal sun has taken it into its changeable hot head to come out at the seashore as well as here."

What was I to do? What would Molly do? My experience with my dear reasoning would be something like this: "My husband is a man, and men are all obstinate. I'm not going to give in to him. I'm here, and here I'll stay. If he had been sensible at the outset, this wouldn't have happened." The reader may not understand this last statement, but I do, because I'm used to woman's logic—that is, Molly's logic.

Thus thinking, I took the next train for the seashore, first telegraphing, of course, that I would do so. I struck a change in the weather during the afternoon. The sun went back under the clouds, and by the time I reached the ocean I was greeted by the most dismal sound in the world, a fog horn. At the hotel I found my telegram to Molly (unopened), but not Molly. She had gone to join me in the mountains.

"You see," said the landlady, "the sun rose clear this morning, and the air was very soft. Your wife decided to stay here and telegraphed you. But by 10 o'clock the fog came in, and she went right away."

"It was the fog," I remarked. "Nothing else would have done it."

Well, I was mad. I was mad from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. I was mad mentally, physically and in my very soul.

"What's the next train for the city?" I growled.

"Send that trunk back to the station right off—right off," I said; "not a moment's delay."

That night at 10 o'clock I was sitting in my comfortable den at home, with a cold supper and a bottle of ale before me, a cigar ready in a box on the table, when I heard a carriage stop at the front door, then a latchkey turning. I stood on the landing looking downstairs. It was Molly.

"You here?" she said. I could tell from her tone that she was very angry.

"Yes. You too?"

"Of all the stupid, obstinate, incorrigible men I ever knew you are the worst!"

"Are you hungry, dear?"

"Starving!"

"I picked up some cold tongue and other things on my way home. Come up."

She came up (not smiling; oh, no, she didn't smile), but when she had finished half a tongue and drunk some ale she felt better and remarked:

"This is the last summer I'm going to make myself uncomfortable by going away. How nice the house does look!"

"Just so," I remarked, lighting a cigar. "You see, my dear, it wasn't that I was so obstinate, but that the weather was so changeable."

Help! Help! Help!

Nothing very serious the matter—don't get excited—but your HELP is needed.

Every man, every woman and every child can HELP. This town needs your HELP.

It is a good town, but every good citizen wants to see it become a better town. But unless the good citizens stand by the town, lend a hand, put a shoulder to the wheel or get in front and pull, without balking, there won't be any noticeable progress.

Towns are not Topies. No town "just grows." It's the people in a town and around it who make it grow by feeding it the right sort of diet.

A pig in a poke won't get fat. Nor will a town with its light hidden under a bushel attract attention from outside.

Unless you throw corn into a lean shoat the animal never will become a fat porker. It is just as necessary to feed a town and community with fresh material from the outside world.

It is up to you and each of us to get out and forage for the town. Speak a good word for it. Write a good letter for it. To you the place where you live is the most important place in the world. It is the best place in the world. It is the center of the world. The universe revolves around it.

This being so—and you can't deny it—why not HELP advertise the center of the universe? Why not tell your friends and acquaintances elsewhere what they are missing by living away from the real center?

Talk has built up many a town—every town, in fact. Talk can build up this town. You can't talk too much if you talk right.

P. S.—HELP! HELP! HELP!



NO LIMIT OF ARMAMENTS

The Proposal Has Its Funeral at the Hague

BALLOON BOMBS MUST GO

Large Attendance and Interesting Debates at Peace Conference, When the Disarmament Proposal Has Its Funeral.

The Hague, Aug. 19.—President Nidd in the hall of Knights at The Hague Saturday afternoon opened the plenary session of the peace conference, which was termed "The funeral of the question of the limitation of armaments." Great interest was taken in the meeting of the delegates, the women's tribune being overcrowded. After the minutes of the former plenary session had been read and approved, the amendments of the convention of 1899 regarding the laws and customs of land war and the prohibition of the throwing of explosives from balloons were read and unanimously adopted, as was the convention regarding the bombardment of undefended towns, etc.

The attention of the conference became intense when Sir Edward Fry, head of the British delegation, delivered his speech on the subject of the limitation of armaments. He recalled that the emperor of Russia, in invoking the first peace conference, had principally in view putting a stop to the augmentation of armaments, and the solution of this question, Sir Edward added, had become more and more urgent in view of the manner in which armaments had been extended. He said that the British government, recognizing that several powers desired to restrict their military expenses, was ready to communicate once a year to those powers inclined to

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do likewise, its projects as well as the expenses for the construction of new warships, believing that this exchange of news would facilitate the exchange of views between the governments concerned regarding the rejection of armaments.

At the conclusion of his speech Sir Edward proposed the adoption of the following resolution: "This conference confirms the resolution adopted by the conference of 1899 regarding the limitation of military burdens, and as military burdens have been considerably augmented in almost all countries since 1899, it declares it is highly desirable to see the governments earnestly resume the study of this question."

Lost Through Ignorance.

A Roman urn was unearthed during excavations at Senly, near Scarborough. A workman, under the impression that there might be money in it, gave it a tap with his pick with the result that it was broken.

A DEER FOR A PET

Rutland People Have Young Buck

AS TAME AS A CAT

Plays About the House, but Disappears on Approach of a Stranger—He Jumped from a Window 20 Feet to the Ground.

Rutland, Aug. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Robinson of 126 Park avenue, this city, have a three months old fawn, rescued by them from dogs and reared artificially, which has become a household pet and is as tame as any cat or dog. The young deer is still very tiny and is an object of interest to hundreds of people. As it still retains the white spots characteristic to the coat of a fawn, it is a beautiful animal. It stands 21 inches high at the shoulder, measures 28 inches from the tip of its nose to the base of its tail, and is 17 inches in circumference at the largest part of its body.

There is an interesting story connected with the finding of the deer. While on Pine hill less than a mile from the city early in June, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson spied the animal in the road. Their dogs immediately gave chase and dogs and deer disappeared over a ledge. On following, Mr. Robinson found the fawn trying to fight the dogs by striking with its tiny front hoofs. When it saw the man, it immediately ran to him and placed its nose in his hands. Although they were on the hill some hours, it showed no disposition to leave them, so as there was no large deer in sight they took the half-starved fawn home. It bleated incessantly for a day or two, but soon learned to drink milk from a saucer

and became so tame that in a very short time Mrs. Robinson could handle it as she could a kitten. It has grown little but has developed an appetite which is surprising, raw potatoes being its principal food. "Dick," as the deer is called—for it is a buck and already shows spots where its antlers will later appear—will respond to his name when called. With all his tameness, he has lost none of the traits of the native deer. The minute a stranger approaches his little nose goes in the air and his nostrils dilate as he sniffs the air. His cunningness in hiding and the greater part of the day. There are several dogs in the neighborhood, but none have as yet bothered him. He has had only one adventure worthy of notice since he was taken in charge by Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. One day while he was looking out of a second story window, a noise started him. He fell 20 feet to the ground, but he struck on his feet and was none the worse for his fall. Up to a short time ago the fawn was very frisky, but since the weather became very hot Dick has shown no desire to play and contents himself with walking about nibbling the grass when out of doors.

It is probable that the deer will be exhibited at the Rutland county fair. The fish and game authorities, although it is now close season on venison, have given the deer's benefactors permission to keep it.

FORGIVES GRATEFUL KISS.

Private Thanked Captain's Wife by Osculation.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 19.—Threatened court martial of private K. R. Hill of battery A, I. N. G., of Danville, who tried to kiss the wife of his commanding officer, Capt. John H. Clinan, after she had bandaged his wounded hand on the camp Logan rifle range, was dropped Saturday, when the young soldier explained that it was his gratitude he felt for the service rendered him that caused him to bestow osculatory thanks on his benefactress.

Following this explanation he was released from the guardhouse, to which he had been committed the day before, and was restored to his place in the ranks of battery A.

"I have forgiven him for his attempt to kiss me," said Mrs. Clinan, "and I do not believe that he meant any harm."

Amusement Notes.

Gorton's minstrels, with an excellent company of comedians, singers, dancers and vaudeville artists, will appear at the opera house next Tuesday evening. Bearing the stamp of popular approval for nearly a half century, this favorite organization, enlarged to almost double its former size, is fully sustaining its best reputation, by providing its patrons with only the very best features of minstrelsy.

The high standard of excellence which has always characterized their performances in the past, will again prevail the present season.

The management guarantees a programme positively free from stale, time-worn acts, everything being new, original and up-to-date, while every attention has been given to the many details necessary to a high-class, entertaining, bright and merry minstrel performance. An attractive parade will be given by the entire company at noon.



OSCAR AND SOPHIE.

King and queen of Sweden, who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

FORECAST OF FASHION.

Holbein Embroidery Very Now—Bengalinettes Makes Dainty Gowns.

Medallions of fine drawn work, both in Mexican and Armenian varieties, are used as novelties in the trimming of waists. A novelty shown in the shops is of Holbein embroidery of silk worked upon a fine quality of Russian linen.

Gauze weaves of every variety are being made up into exquisite summer gowns. A novelty is a material known as bengalinettes, a new edition of bengaline. It is, as its name implies, a silky fabric with a ribbed surface of a stiffer character than usual. This bengalinettes is in evidence in all the best shades, but it is especially attractive in apple green and old pink.

Plaited skirts are continuing on their triumphant way and will surely re-



GOWN OF PALE GREEN LINEN—\$717.

main with us for many more months to come. This is not entirely due to their beauty, but also because they permit of ease of motion, a most necessary feature in this day of healthy, athletic exercise and of long jaunts or mountain climbing.

Brooks for girls made of colored linen and worn over white-gumpies are much in vogue this summer and are exceedingly attractive and to be recommended from the economical as well as from the fashionable point of view. The dress illustrated is of pale green trimmed with white embroidery, and the gumpie beneath is of white Persian lawn.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

UNION BUYS BONDS.

Glass Bottle Blowers Invest Funds in Government Securities.

The national officers of the Glass Bottle Blowers have just purchased another \$50,000 block of the 1895 series of 4 per cent thirty year United States government bonds.

This is the series sold during the second Cleveland administration by private arrangement to the J. Pierpont Morgan syndicate, on which the finance manipulators, it is claimed, made several million dollars before the bonds were really sold.

Though they were sold to the syndicate at about 107, they were immediately advanced to 115, then to 120, and when President Hayes and Secretary Tanner bought their last lot they paid 120%.

This purchase makes a total of \$200,000 of this series held in the treasury of this union.

This form of security is preferred for the reason that if the money is held in banks there is always danger of a bank failure, while if invested in ordinary securities they are not always convertible instantly into cash.

Lightning Photograph.

During a thunderstorm a remarkable incident happened at a country house in England. The lightning imprinting a perfect photograph of a flower vase on a mirror before which it stood.

All Nobles.

The noble families of Prussian Poland have become so numerous as almost to swamp the common people of the province. The priest of the village of Konitz replied to a circular issued by the government that every one of the 400 families in his congregation was of noble birth.



SCENE FROM THE "TOY MAKERS."

"THE TOYMAKERS," THURSDAY EVE.

New Musical Absurdity Will Have Presentation in Barre Then.

"The Toymakers," called "a musical absurdity," because brimful of choicest melody and clean force and roaring fun, comes to the opera house next Thursday evening. It is by Charles Pelton Pidgeon, the author of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," which has been universally proclaimed "the greatest New England play ever written," and will be presented here by

"The Jollities" under the management of Messrs. Charles F. Atkinson and James Thatcher. The locale of "The Toymakers" is an old English toy-shop and abundant opportunity is given for picturesque setting and costuming, the introduction of quaint characters and speech and dialogue appropriate to such locality and the theme of the play. To further add to the attractiveness of the piece, author Pidgeon has written about two dozen lyrics, which those well-known Boston composers, Messrs. Charles D. Blake and John A. Bennett, have placed in most harmonious setting so that musically "The Toymakers" will be found

one of the most attractive offerings of the year. The right combination of proper music to keep the comedy and the dialogue and the lyrics good company is seldom seen, but in "The Toymakers" it is declared to be of the most synchronous and delightful character. It is particularly satisfactory in these days of the sensuous, imported drama and the so-called problem play, to be able to say that "The Toymakers" is absolutely clean from beginning to ending—a huge, charming, up-lifting entertainment of nearly three hours' duration, certain to please and satisfy everybody and leave a sweet taste in the mouth.

BLAMES POLICE FOR CRIMES.

Former Italian Consul at New York Says They Are Inefficient.

London, Aug. 17.—Signor Branchi, formerly Italian consul at New York, writes to the Times regarding the recent accusation of lawlessness among the Italian there. He charges whatever evils are existent against the local government, saying that during the term of his consulship, which lasted for ten years,

ending at the beginning of 1905, the whole Italian quarter was virtually without police supervision except that of the regular Irish policemen on the street corner who did not care a rap what the Italians did among themselves so long as they did not interfere with other people and voted the Tammany ticket. Signor Branchi cites the methods Italy and the consulate adopted in vainly trying to remedy this situation. He continues:

"The fact is, the New York police have a herculean task in keeping the city free of crime, owing to the heterogeneous masses of its inhabitants, and instead of facing the difficulties they absolutely do nothing. It is impossible that six million immigrants entering New York yearly some bad characters should not penetrate there. In Italy we are absolutely alarmed by the exodus of our people. We certainly do not encourage it, but if nothing is done by the new country to check the bad instincts of some of the immigrants and the immunity almost asserted of those who turn criminals, America has not to complain of them, but of her own faulty organization."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SPEAKERS.

Prominent Workers Secured for the State Convention.

Manchester, Aug. 17.—At the state Sunday-school convention to be held here October 8-10, Alfred Day, general superintendent of the New York State Sunday School association, will be one of the speakers. Other speakers will be E. C. Knapp of the School of Religious Pedagogy of Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Mary Foster Byrnes and W. R. Andrus, superintendent of the great Sunday school of the Huggins Street Baptist church in Boston.

The devotional exercises will be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Milford H. Smith, pastor of the Methodist church at Rutland.



PRESIDENT FALLIERES.

Clement Armand Fallieres, the popular French president, had a narrow escape from death recently at the hands of an assassin. Fortunately for France the would-be murderer took a bad aim.